

66 FABLES in VERSE.

Says Mrs. *Buz*,—‘ My children want
 ‘ Truly no such *Italian* cant,
 ‘ But, bred to industry and trade,
 ‘ Your songs and misery evade.’

M O R A L.

‘Tis industry alone procures
 Our happiness, and bread insures,
 Which should be planted in the mind,
 Of every youth of every kind.
 For who, with truth could ever say,
 I ne’er can fall into decay.
 Or who is free in church or state,
 From the vicissitudes of fate.



The

FABLES in VERSE. 67



The WOLF and the CRANE.

A Hungry Wolf, once feasting on a goat,
 Had got a jagged bone across his
 throat,
 In this distress a crane he chanc’d to see,
 Implor’d her aid, and promis’d her a fee.
 The cure perform’d, Madam, with due regard
 And good address, demanded the reward ;
 But